I like a cheech-a-cheech-Chee-roni
Like they make at home or
A healthy fish
With the big backbone
I'm Abraham deLacy
Giuseppe Casey
Thomas O'Malley
O'Malley, the alley cat!

I've got that wanderlust
Gotta walk the scene
Gotta kick up highway dust
Feel the grass that's green
Gotta strut them city streets
Showin' off my Eclat, yeah
Tellin' my friends
Of the social elite
Or some cute cat
I happen to meet
I'm Abraham deLacy
Giuseppe Casey
Thomas O'Malley
O'Malley, the alley cat!

I'm king of the highway
Prince of the boulevard
Duke of avant arde
The world is my back yard
So if you're goin' my way
That's the road you wanna seek
Calcutta to Rome or
Home-sweet-home in Paris
Magnifique, you all

I only got myself And this big old wrld When I sip that cup of life With my fingers curled I don't worry what road to take I don't have to think of that Whatever I take Is the road I make It's the road of life Make no mistake, for me Yeah, Abraham deLacy Giuseppe Casey Thomas O'Malley O'Malley, the alley cat! That's right And I'm very proud of that Yeah